

Good and True, ¹¹⁴
Fresh and New

Christmas Carols

Now let true hearts together twine,
Where Modesty with mirth doth joine,
And let each Christian merry make
For Iesus Christ our Saviours sake,
And for the blessed Saints which dy'd,
Who are in Heavendefy'd



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Good and True
John the Baptist

Christians Carol

Printed by
J. B. Smith
London





Good and true,
Fresh and New

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

A Caroll for Christmas day:

To the tune of Troy Towne.

THe glorious Son of Heaven is up,
cleering the clouds of ignorance;
And for to save our Soules from Hell,
which by old Adam was our chance;
True God, a Saviour, Prophet, King,
from heaven being sent, good newes did bring.

The holy Angell Gabriell came
to blessed Mary meeke and mild,
saying all haile, thou full of grace,
this day thou shalt conceive a childe,
A Saviour to all mankind sure,
She said, I am a Virgin pure.

New Christmas Carols.

This vertuous Virgin was betroth'd
to righteous Joseph at that time,
Who then perceiving of her swell,
did thinke that he had done a crime:
To him the Angell Gabriell said,
Fears not thy wife, she's a pure Maid.

At that same time the Emperour
great taxes on his Subjects lays,
Man, Woman, Child, where they were borne,
must trauell, where it must be payd;
Joseph and Mary then sooth went,
And many a weary day they spent.

At length to Bethelhem they came,
bring a Village that was poore,
Where as no bed was to be had,
the Inn as then could hold no more;
Within an Dre-stall she did lye,
And yet she tooke it patiently.

It pleased God that very moone,
time came, she should deliuered be,
Where it did by her gentle heart,
her blessed Saviour to see;
How was the Mother, Wife, and Maids
Who had the Lawes of God obeyd.

New Christmas Carole.

No swifter helpe he there could haue,
no swathing bands of Linnen pure,
No bandling Swikes her to helpe,
yet she most patient did endure,
No golden Robe nor such like things,
Although he was the King of Kings.

His Cradle there a Sanger was,
whereas the Asse and Oxe did feed,
But there bright Angells did appeare,
with harmony, as God decreed;
A glorious Star did then appeare
To certaine Shepheards that were neere.

They wondring at this unknowne Star,
at length from heauen a voyce they heare,
Who bid them follow that same light,
and wist them not to be affraid;
Saying, in Bethelern this moone,
A Saviour and a King is borne.

King Herod hearing of the same,
was vext at heart most cruelly,
Who strove, all Children two yeares old,
or under, everyone should dye;
And he his bloody Souldiers sent,
To murder each poore Innocent.

New Christmas Carols.

But Can his malice to prevent,
an Angell did to Joseph send,
And bid him take his Wife and Babe,
and unto Egypt to wend:
Where seuen long yeares they did remaine,
Till Herods life by death was taue.

Thus have you heard our Saviours birth;
who for our wicked sins did dyen,
For to reedeme our soules from death,
to liue with him eternally:
A ioyfull Christmas to all send,
And thus my Caroll I doe end.

An other for Christmas day.

To the tune of *All you that are Good fellows.*

All you that are good fellows,
come hearken to my Song,
I know you doe not hate good cheere,
nor Liquor that is strong.
I hope there is none here
but soone will take my part,
Seeing my Master and my Dame,
sayes, welcome with their heart.

New Christmas Carols.)

This is a time of ioyfulness,
and merry time of yeere,
When as the rich with plenty Gold,
doth make the poore good cheere;
Plum-porregde, Roast-beefe, and Pinc'd-pies,
stands smoking on the hood,
With other brave varieties,
our Master doth afford.

Our Distresse and her cleanly Maids,
have neatly playd the Cookes,
He thinks these dishes eagerly
at my warpe stomacke looks;
As though they were affraid,
to see me draw my Blade,
But I reveng'd on them will be,
untill my Stomack s stayd.

Come fill us of the strongest,
small drinke is out of date,
He thinks I shall fare like a Prince,
and sit in gallant state;
This is no Mizers Feast,
although that things be deare,
God grant the Founder of this Feast,
each Christmas keepe good cheere.

New Christmas Carols.

This day for Christ we celebrate,
who was borne at this time,
For which all Christians should rejoyce,
and I doe sing in Rime:

When you have given God thankses,
unto your dainties fall,
Heavens blesse my Master and my Dame,
Lord blesse me, and you all.

A Caroll for Saint Stevens day.

To the tune of, *Wigmores Galliard.*

I Thinke none here but they have heard
the malice of the Jewes;
And how the Saints of Jesus Christ
they did abuse and use;
This day for sweet Saint Steven sake
we now doe celebrate,
Who did professe the faith of Christ,
for which they did him hate.

The Word of God to them he taught,
for which they did him kill;
Who like a Lambe he then did dye,
and never thought them ill;
One of Christs followers was he,
and first that martir was,

After

New Christmas Carols.

After our blessed Saviour
did suffer on the Crosse,

For they with great affliction
most vildly did him use,

They said he was a sedition,
and therefore him accuse;

Unto a Stake they did him tye,
both armes and legs with cords,

Because he told them of their finnes,
they gave him cruell words,

Like bloody cruell minded men,
at him they threw huge stones,

They beat his flesh, beat out his braines,
and breaketh all his bones:

But ere he dy'd, to heaven above
he lifted up his eyes,

And prayed to God he would forgive
his cruell Enemies.

An other merry Carrell, for the same day.

To the tune of, *Bonny sweet Robin.*

Come mad Boyes, be glad Boyes, for Christ
And we shal be feasted with lilly god then
Then

New Christmas Carols.

Then let us be merry, tis Saint Stephens day,
Lets eate and drinke freely, her's nothing to pay.

My Master bids welcome, & so doth my Dame,
And tis pander smaking aish doth me shame,
Anon Ile be with you, though you misoutface,
For now I doe tell you I have time and place:

Ile trouble the house to you, then let it goe round,
My heels are so light they can stand on no ground.
My tongue it doth chatter, & goes pitter patter,
Her's good cheere and strong beer, for I wil not flatter.

And now for remembrance of blessed S. Stephen,
Let's toy at morning, hat none, and at evening,
Then leaue of your mincing & fall to mince pies
I pray take my counsell, be ruled by the wise.

A Caroll for Saint Iohns day.

To the tune of, *Flying fame:*

Iohn signifies the grace of God,
then unto God lets pray,
That he will still direct our pathes
and guide us in his way,

John

New Christmas Carols.

John Baptist's Christ in Jordan stand,
true baptisme for to take,
And for to wash away our finnes,
the old law to forsake.

Herod the King he married
his Brother Phillips wife,
Saint Iohn rebuking him therefore,
it cost his dearest life,
He told them 'twas a deadly sin,
and that it was full evill,
Then Herod said he was possesst
by an infernall Devil,

And straight in Prison him he casts,
fast bound in iron chaines,
Where he in hunger, cold and woe,
a many dayes remaines ;
Meane while the birth day of the King
it was solemnised,
But unto Iohn it fatall was,
for then he lost his head.

Great banqueting and feasting then
prepared was that day,
And severall sorts of musick sweete
melodiously did play ;
A dainty Damsell neatly danc't,
which pleas'd the King so well,

New Christmas Carols.

Which ravished his senses so,
in love with her he will.

Faire dame quoth he aske any thing,
of me thou shalt it have;

An't please your Majesty (he said)

John Baptists head I crave;

Which he did grant, and then straight way
his head to her was brought,

In a large platter her to please,
such mischief then she wrought.

A merry Caroll for the same day.

To the tune of, *the Kings going to Bullaine.*

Come hably on my Masters,
for here we shall be tasters,
of curious dishes that are brave and fine,
where they that doe such cheer afford,
He lay my knife upon the board,
my master and my dame they do not pine.

Who if it will not be merry,
And sing downe downe aderry,
for now it is a time of joy and mirth,

New Christmas Carols.

He said, tis merry in the Hall
When as brains they doe lay
Gods plan is here, it hath not been a while.

Let him take all his s longer,
Come till us of the longer,
and I wi l drinke a health to honest John.
Come pray thee Butler all the longer,
And let it round the Table goe,
When that is up He tell you more among.

A Carol for Innocents day.
To the tune of, As at Rome Dauides rested.

Ghis was the day when cruell Herod
heard that Jesus Christ was borne;
(A King, a Saviour, and a Prophet)
in his Land, did thinke it scorne;

Command did give
He should not live,
And more his malice to unfold,
Streight charge did give,
No Male should live
The which were under two yeares old.

His bloody Soldiers went to murder
each poore silly Innocent;

New Christmas Carols.

But God in Heauen which all things seeth,
did his malice none preuent;

An Angell there

Then did appeare

To Ioseph, and did him command,

With his deare Mate

And Baby in freight,

With speed to flye to Egypt Land.

Now what great terrour was to Mothers,
children sucking at their brest

Widdy villaines with their Boniards,
from their Mothers nipple wrest,

In peeces there

They did them teare,

And with their Swords they did them beate,

As tis exprest,

Among the rest,

King Herods young son had his due.

A merry Caroll for the same day.

To the tune of, *the Spanish Pavin.*

Cast care away, tis Holyday,
This is no time to worke, but play,
With this good cheere Ile make a frap,
and meane to fill my belly;

And

New Christmas Carols,

And quickly for to end the strife,
I with my spoone and with my knife,
Doe meane to keepe a heapy life;
I tell y^e.

By er leaue good Father and good Dame,
For this intent I hither came,
I see here's nothing out of frame,
and many thanks I giue you,
I here am come as a bold Guest,
And know I me welcome to your Feast,
Whereas your love it is exprest
most freely.

And now my Friends and Neighbour's all,
Your cheere and beere it is not small,
And bold'y to your viuals fall,
by leaue, I giue you warning;
I now will drinke a full carouse
Unto the Owners of this house,
And so our soes care not a Lorie;
nor farthing.

A Caroll for New-yeares day.
To the tune of, *Green Sleeves*.

The old yeare now away is fled,
The new yeare it is entered, Then

New Christmas Carols.

Then let us now our sins do downe throw,
and ioyfully all appeare,
Let s merry be this Holypday,
And let us now both sport and play,
Bang sorrow, let s cast care away,
God send you a happy new yeare.

For Christs Circumcission this day we keepe,
Who for our sins did often weepe,
His hands and feet were wounded deepe,
and his blessed side with a Speare,
His head they crowned them with Thorne,
And at him they did laugh and scorne,
Who for to save our Soules was borne,
God send us a merry new yeare.

And now with New yeares Gifts each Friend,
Unto each other they doe send,
God grant we may all our liues amend,
and that the truth may appeare;
Now like the Snake cast off your skin
Of evill thoughts and wicked sin,
And to amend this new yeare begin.
God send us a merry new yeare.

And now let all the company
In friendly manner all agree,

New Christmas Carols.

For we are here welcome all may see,
unto this iolly good cheere;
I thanke my Master and my Dame,
The which are founders of the same,
To eate to drinke now is no shame,
God send us a merry new yeare.

Come Lads and Lasses every one,
Iack, Tom, Dick, Bessie, Mary and Ione,
Lets cut the meate up unto the bone,
for welcome you need not feare,
And here for good liquor we shall not lack,
It will whet my braines & strengthen my back,
This iolly good cheere it must goe to wrack,
God send us a merry new yeare.

Come giue's more liquor when I doe call,
Ile drinke to each one in this Hall,
I hope that so long I must not baulc,
but unto me lend an eare;
God fortune to my master send,
And to my dame which is our friend,
Lord blesse us all, and so I end,
and God send us a happy new yeare.

A Caroll for Twelſe day:

To the tune of, *the Ladies fall.*

MArke well my heauy dolefull tale,
for Twelſe day now is come,

New Christmas Carols,

And now I must no longer sing,
and say no words but mum,
For I perforce must take my leave,
of all my dainty cheere,
Plum Porridge, Rost Biese, and Pinc'd Pies,
my strong Ale and my Beere.

Kind hearted Christmas now adieu,
for I with thee must part,
And so to take my leave with thee,
doth grieve me at the heart:
Thou wert an ancient Housekeeper,
and mirth with meat didst keepe,
But thou art going out of towne,
which makes me so to weepe.

God knoweth whether I againe
thy merry face shall see,
Which to Good-fellowes and the Poore
that was so franke and free,
Thou lovedst pastime with thy heart,
and eke good company;
Pray hold me up for feare I swoone,
for I am like to dye.

Come Butler fill a B Zimmerman full,
to cheere my fainting heart,
That to old Christmas I may drinke,
before he doth depart;

And

New Christmas Carols.

And let each one that's in this roome,
with me likewise condole,
And for to cheere their spirits sad,
let each one drinke a boale.

And when the same it hath gon round,
then fall unto your cheere,
For you doe know that Christmas time,
it comes but once a yeare;
But this good draught which I have drank,
hath comforted my heart,
For I was very fearfull that
my stomack would depart,

Thanks to my Master and my Dame,
that both such cheere affoord,
God blesse them, that each Christmas they
may furnish thus their board;
My stomack being come to me,
I meane to have a boate,
Intending to eat most heartily,
good friends I doe not scoute.

A merry Caroll for the same day.
To the tune of, *The Spanish Gipsies.*

Come follow follow me,
Those that Good fellows be,
Into the Butterie,
Our manhood for to try,

New Christmas Carole.

The Master keepes a bounteous house,
And giues leaue freely to carouse.

Then wherefore should we feare,
Seeing here is store of cheere,
It shewes but cowardise,
At this time to be nice,
Then boldly draw your blades and fight,
For we shall have a merry night.

When we have done this fray,
Then we will goe to play
At Cardes, or else at Dice,
And be rich in a trice;
Then let the knaves goe round a pace,
I hope each time to have an Ace.

Come Maids let's want no Beere
After our Christmas cheere,
And I will duly crave
Good Husbands you may have,
And that you may good houses keepe,
Where we may drink carouses deepe.

And when that's spent the day,
While Christmas Gambols play,
At Hotcocks heeste,
And then goe to All hide,
With many other pretty toyes,
Men, women, youtnes, maids, girles, and boyes.
Come

New Christmas Carols;

Come lets dance round the Hall,
And let's for liquor call,
Put Apples in the fire
Sweet Maids I you desire,
And let a Woule be spiced well,
Of nappy stufte that doth excell.

Twelue dayes we now have spent
In mirth and merriment,
And daintily did fare,
For which we tooke no care,
But now I sadly call to mind
What daies of sorrow are behind,

We must leaue off to play,
To morrow's working day,
According to each calling,
Each man must now be falling,
And ply his businesse all the yeare,
Next Christmas for to eate good chaire.

Now of my Master kind
Good welcome I did find,
And of my loving Mistris
This merry time of Christmas,
For which to them great thanks I giue;
God grant they long together liue.

New Christmas Carole.

A modest Caroll for any of the
Twelve dayes, or to be sung at any
time of the yeere.

To the Tune of, *In the merry Maying time.*

A Dozen of good Points Ie giue,
The which will last you while you liue.

I

One God there is of Glozy might,
One Faith to guide our Soules aright,
One Truth that Errors doe descry,
One Baptisme to know Christians by.

2

Two Testaments, the Old and New,
Where Law and Gospel thou mayst view :
The first, for Deeds doth Precepts giue ;
The other, we by Faith shall liue.

3

Three Persons in the Trinitie,
One God in perfect Unitie,
The Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost,
The which doth rule the Heavenly Host.

4

Four blessed Sanctified Pen,
For our Salvation, that did Pen

Our

New Christmas Carols.

Our Saviours Birth, his Life, and Death,
And how we should be sav'd by Faith.

5

Five Senses every Man containes,
As Governours that rules and raignes,
Thy Hearing, Seeing, Feeling, Taste,
And Smelling (Death spoyles all at last.)

6

Six dayes thou hast to labour in,
So mercifull thy God hath bin,
Of seven, he doth take but one ;
Oh rob him not, and leave him none.

7

Seven Arts and Sciences there are,
As Rethorique, and the Grammar,
With Logick, Musick, Geometry,
Arithmetick, Astronomy.

8

Eight persons in the Arke of Noahs
Were sav'd, when God the rest destroyes,
For all the World besides were drown'd,
Onely those eight he righteous found.

9

Nine Muses, like the Heavens nine Spheres,
To joy each mans inclining eares,
Chearing each melancholy mind,
The which to sorrow is inclin'd,

En

New-Christmas Carols.

10

Ten Precepts there are in Gods Law,
Which ought to keepe us all in awe,
His Mercy doth our sinnes remit
From the infernall fierie Pit.

11

Cleven Apostles with Iesus pray'd,
When cursed Judas him betray'd,
Who for his covetousnesse then fell
Into the lowest Pit of Hell.

12

Twelbe Tribes amongst our Fathers old,
Twelbe Articles our Faith doth hold,
Twelbe Gates to New Jerusalem;
Christ bring us there, to live with him. Amen.

FINIS.